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japes and knaveries would seem alongside the last light opera and Sunday supplement rather stately fooling, but in them the ancient comedy yet lives, and ginger is hot in the mouth, nor yet quickly flavorless. Laughter, ironic yet full-throated, comes back for the second reading and the third, and with laughter keeps company song of a high lyrical quality. The poetry goes excellently well; better, however, in the more tripping passages than in the weightier ones which are measured in part at least by quantity: Quantitative verse in English is a species not yet acclimated; a problem still unsolved, though now and then some one makes a near approximation to it. Sisyphus in places is a real approximation tunable to any ear; in places it might seem a chaotic mumble to such as have never listened to that favorite of the austerer muse, the Doyen of great and scholarly poetry, Robert Bridges, measuring off such verse with mighty-mouthed harmony. Since indubitably Dr. Bridges would back our poet here, criticism must be content to back him too and seal approval. Indeed, we would there were more such poetry, for comedy and song are of the great sisterhood, and the fantastic is often the frolicking of happy genius.

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### FICTION.

Here is a novel,\* a work of amazing poetic genius, which it is fair to say would probably have lain hidden forever in a drawer had it happened to be born in our own land. For full as it is of beauty and poetry, and of the significance of nature and nature's impact upon the soul of men and man's response to nature, of the irony and terror of destiny, of the tragedy of man's hopes and loves, it is written at a pitch of emotion heartily disliked in our own comfortable land. We want no tragedies and this is a sort of Teutonic "Jude the Obscure"; less grotesque and bitter perhaps, more poetic and appealing. A great and truthful picture it is of the Sphinx's torturing game with consciousness, and yet throughout the book there flows the healing stream of natural beauty refreshing and restoring wherever wounds are sorest, hope most broken.

\* "*Der Blumen-Hiob.*" Von Hans Kyser. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag, 1909.

A bright and pretty little double love-story,\* set in the beautiful scenery of the Jura Mountains where they overlook Lake Lemán, is this story of French mountain-folk in 1871 when the Germans were still skirmishing about and the bushwhackers were busy. War, however, is no terrible thing seen through this author's happy imagination, and all the mishaps and misadventures move on swiftly to happy solutions among these people of slight sorrows and slight thoughts. The setting of the tale is charming and the characters are all likable. Even the worst villain is converted midway in the book, drops all his evil designs and makes friends with the good people, while his ally comes to a swift and untimely end earlier still. The book is a pleasant one and there is but one unkindly word to say of it. No reproof could be too severe for a writer who sends pronouns wandering aimlessly down his pages without antecedents, who invariably chooses the wrong preposition and who cannot distinguish between a noun and a verb. "To pontificate," "to blood them," "to precise the trouble," "to refuge others," are a few of the flagrant examples of bad grammar in the book.

\* "The Men of the Mountain." By S. R. Crockett. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1909.